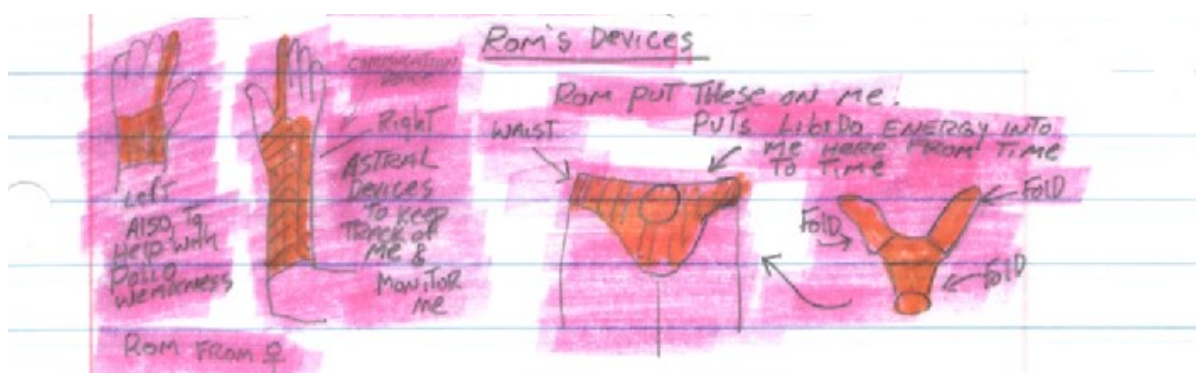


Illogical!

Chapter -24-

I started **2008** out with a song called "UFO" which express my frustration at my friends disbelief of my ET contacts. I was struggling with the fact that **Rom** was a real person from **Venus**. How could it be? The "*cognitive dissonance*" inside myself was intense! Lucky for me **Tommy Jay** had a stable supply of Shroons. Also, my occult training had greatly assuaged the UFO reality. Another song of note was "*Meltdown*" which focused on the financial crisis the world economy was going through. I had spent most of **2008** at Tom's house working on JayFish recordings. Clearly both **Rep** and **Tommy** didn't believe my ET contactee story and demand proof! They challenge me at every step of the way. So I obliged. I showed **Carla** a UFO clip but **Tom** and **Rep** were afraid to watch it? WTF? Emotionally it was easier for them to deny the proof than to confront the question of life elsewhere in the universe. My UFO story was clearly outside of their comfort zone. At that point in their journey they just weren't ready to go beyond their 5 senses. My UFO Data clashed with their understanding of reality! This opened up a lot of questions for me. Some people need to choose the darkness of their lives in order to evolve spiritually. Their life path Karma is to fail going beyond their 5 senses. Their fate from pass lives demanded it. But for a non-profit artist like myself it meant I didn't have to care about what the public thinks about my **UFO** contacts. I was moving quickly away from the "*Money-Fame Game of Capitalism*". I had almost given up control of my life to the forces of nature. In **2001** I foreshadowed this mindset with the CD release called "*A Different Kind Of Fame*". Now my psychological paradigm was in transition. As Leslie moved farther away I took a greater interest in trying to master my musical craft. However, it would be a few years before the this new psychological paradigm would become comfortable to me.



I had been struggling with the post-polio. I was having problems walking and was sleeping way too much. Then one morning, much to my surprise **Rom** installed a batch of "*medical devices*" on my etheric body. It is my understanding that the "*human aura*" is the result of the magnetism which hold together the atoms of the human body. In Theosophy, the etheric body, ether-body, or æther body is the subtle body propounded in esoteric philosophies as the first or lowest layer in the human energy field or aura. The etheric body is said to be in immediate contact with the physical body and to sustain it and connect it with "higher" bodies. (See: *The Work of Semyon Kirlian, Wilhelm Reich, Rupert Sheldrake, Plato's Forms, John Worrell Keely and others*) I think **Rom** telepathically projected into my mind images of the devices. I saw how they worked and there was this very strange feeling that something was plug into my body even though my 5 sense register nothing. However, my 6 sense, my spider-man sense, or intuition, register them very strongly! That was another very stressful experience which stretched my awareness to it breaking point. For awhile I thought I had lost it. I am of the opinion that the ETs don't use solid physical implants to track their subjects. I believe that only the military industrial complex, in conjunction with the weapons and fossil fuel industries, use solid physical implants on humans. But I could be wrong. Anyway, after the procedure there began a rapid increase of "*mind to mind*" contact with **Rom**. I began to receive almost daily briefing on UFO history and current events by **Rom**. Once again I will refer the reader to my "*Rom's Chronological Events*" log for back ground information.

Then in **Mid January** of **2008** I received 3 buttons in the mail. It was very mysterious. The buttons said "*I'd rather watch paint dry than go out with you*", "*This isn't my idea of a good time*"

and, "*How can I miss you if you won't go away*". I had sent Lynn a card in *December of 2007* and I thought that maybe **Lila** had replied. The envelope was address in very shaky handwriting. I wasn't sure what to make of it. So I just moved on letting my heart teach my mind the way of wisdom. On **January 17th 2008 at 12:15 PM** my granddaughter **Madelyn Martin** was born much to my delight. For me she was a special child but I think all grandfathers think that too. Soon I began to spend 2 or 3 days a week helping out my son's family. It was their first child and they seemed overwhelmed at first. It took them about 6 month to adapt to the new situation. Most of the time I played with the baby providing mental stimulation. On **January 19th 2008** I did a solo gig and next morning **Tommy Jay** called to say he fucked up a \$200,000 dollar office furniture order. His new politically appointed boss was on the warpath with him. For a while it looked like he might get demoted or fired but **Tom** skillfully slip away from the situation. It seems that **Tom** left work early and left the choosing of the office furniture order to his mail clerk. The mail clerk went nuts and bought a bunch of upscale "**walnut desks**" for everybody. When the delivery was made **Tom** discovered the mistake, but not before his new boss read him the riot act. It was a thing to behold watching **Tom** handle the *Franklin County Politicians* and resolve the problem much to everybody satisfaction. In my estimation, **Tom** had move up a few notches with his skill set. Then CNN reported that no "*weapons of mass destruction*" had been found in Iraq. This really drove home the point that some leaders are not worth to the trust we place in them. A lot of leaders use "*the occult power of words*" to manipulate the public by way of mass psychology! I've seen this pattern over and over in my life. From Vietnam to the Afghanistan. The cycle always repeats and millions of foolish people lose their lives for corrupt causes. Maybe someday a group of leaders who value "*building trust*" will change that. But I think it is going to take a *world wide supernatural* event to achieve it.

On **January 31st. 2008** Rom gave me a telepathic tour of his ship's cafeteria. Once again I will refer the reader to my "*Rom's Chronological Events*" log for back ground information. **Rom** told me at the time that our government was not in control of the internet. However it was desperately trying to gain control so as to control the release of UFO information. In early **February of 2008** I did a gig with the **Tommy Jay Band**. This was around the time that **Tommy Jay** was trying to establish his brand away from the **Mike Rep's** spotlight. Once again I noticed that if **Cris** was not at the gig **Shirley Tobias** would show up and be friendly with **Tom**. **Tom** told me that he actively discourage **Cris** from coming to his shows. But every once in a while she would show up unannounced and Shirley would hang with her group of friends. None of it was my business but I did find it curious. This got me to thinking about duality. As humans we all must dance with dualism. But what most people don't see is that over time the two opposite poles switch back and forth. In time sides will switch poles! From this I figured that everyone must choose their own lie; and their own truth! For what was once truth, ten years later becomes a lie. Truth must constantly change over time. There are people who I thought I couldn't live without become total strangers to me ten years later on. Around **March 2008** I started to enjoy my time with the **Quotas** less and less. Then a conflict with **Tom** arose. Tom once again cut me out of his gig at *South By South West*. It wasn't the first time. This would become a reoccurring theme. He had cut me out of the **Strapping Field Hands** and **Ego Summit** sessions. This usually happen when I refuse to go along with his demands. I didn't enjoy the Quotas games and ego conflicts. I wanted to stop playing music with the Quotas. But each time my master step in and said "*no*". "*You need to be of service to them*". So I sucked it up and shut my mouth. For the most part I did what I was told.



I am sure I did things that annoyed the band too! Especially when I got drunk and my resentment surfaced. I would become very insulting. It wasn't one sided at all. And I had become very skilled at blowing off **Rep & Tommy's** bullshit. Also, around this time I ask my master for a spell to break my connection to Lynn. I wanted to move forward and couldn't. So I received a egg spell ritual which worked for a few months but failed due to my pass life in France. Then I found myself right back where I started. When it became obvious that I was going to have to buy a new car to keep the music going I started to shop around for a deal. Then around **Mid-March 2008** **Cris** started pressuring **Tommy** to get married. Privately he told me that "*if he ever got married it would not be with Cris*". Once again I saw **Tommy** diplomatically stall her in hope that she would give up! **Terry Devin** on the other

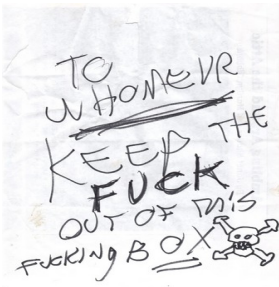
hand had been badly injured on the job and that put **Rep** in a very shaky financial situation. I felt sorry for Terry Devin. Basically she was a good women. I knew that Use Kids was sinking fast. When **Ron House** had to quit I knew my old hang out was done for. Dan Dow had tried his best to stay a float but it was hopeless. Used Kids is where I had met **Bela Koekrompecher, Don Howland & Jerry Wick**. A few week later I was surprised when **Tom & Randy** offered to give me gas money to come out during the weekdays to Jam and record with them. I think **Jerry Felty** showed up and we recorded a few **Rolling Stone** covers. On **March 20th 2008 Columbus Alive** ran a feature story on one of **Mike Rep's** favorite upcoming group called **Times New Viking**. Rep had nothing but praise for them and the local press took a shine to them too! The band include **Adam Elliot, Beth Murphy** and **Jared Phillips**. The **Quotas** were doing shows in 2008 with **Psychedelic Horseshit, Guinea Worms, Pink Reason, Times New Viking** and **Necropolis**. I didn't know any of these people at the time, however, this is when I got acquainted with **Rich Johnson, Will Foster & Kevin Failure (De Broux)** **Adam Smith, Benjamin Holesapple, Bo Davis & Emily Davis** and sometimes **Mr. Mat Bisaro**. Also I got to work with **Will Foster** when he had produce "**The Black Hole Rock**" CD for the **Quotas** back in 2005. All these new friends that started to hang out, they all started to party out at Harrisburg. Everybody would show up with beer and pot and it was off to the races. As fate would have it, over the next 5 year **Kevin Failure** would become Tommy Jay's Shroons/Acid dealer. But change was once again in the air and most of Tom's friends had no Idea what was coming.

In 2008 I released 3 projects: *Fubar* (3 CD disk set), *Works* (5 CD disk set) and the **Columbus Discount Record "Jess"** for their *Singles Club Year One* 33rd RPM EP. During this time my songwriting had reached new heights. It was during this cycle that I finally master the Squid pop sound which was based on the very best of the 60s, 70s, 80s and 90s hit LP's. Towards the end of **March 2008** I had to email Mike and request gas money due to some upcoming shows with the **Quotas**. I had taken out in **April** a small \$5000 dollar loan to buy a 2003 Red KIA sedan. There was no way I could float the band with a monthly \$150 car payment I had taken on. Once again **Tom & Rep** agreed to cover my gas but the funds were always a month or two late. Then something crazy happened. On **April 11th 2008 Rom** told me he was going to show up at Harrisburg Jam session. Around 1:AM after everybody had went home, **Tom, Ted** and me were shooting the shit smoking a joint outside, when **Rom** showed up for 2rd major photo op. I quickly focused my camcorder on his **UFO** with Tom and Ted questioned weather it was a **UFO** or plane. The fact that I told them both as we were playing pool that **Rom** had telepathically told me he was coming had slipped their minds. Also, I pointed out that planes don't fly at tree top level with no sound at 1AM in the morning. However they both dismissed the event. Tom claimed that there was a UPS airport about 20 miles away and that this was not uncommon event. Later on my drive home to Delaware **Rom** came down low over the freeway about 50 feet away to prove to me that it was really him who had did the Harrisburg flyby. I post my footage on you tube but I doubt anybody watched it.



In Mid-April the Quotas had play a show at Used Kids Records with **Necropolis**. All a sudden I got a huge does of ugly when **Dan Dow** and **Ron House** started to argue about money. It seemed to me that **Dan** had taken a buyer away from Ron who was none too pleased. **Dan** seem to think it was all above board but **Ron** didn't. I am not sure if Dan stole the buyer or not. About 50 people witness the argument and I didn't want to get involved. The up side of this was that **Necropolis** blew the **Quotas** off stage. But more trouble winds were blowing. A week or so later **Terry Devin** was locked up in jail. I am not sure who called the cops on her but I heard her drinking was out of control and **Rep** wanted a divorce. Then **Tommy Jay** confided in me that **Cris** was putting tons of pressure on him to get married. **Ted Lust** had been advising Tom not to marry her and **Tom** kept telling me he loved her but that if he ever was to get married it wouldn't be to **Cris**. I didn't understand how Tom's mind worked concerning Love & Marriage? I think most of it was about not wanting to give up the music and move in and get tied down with her. When me and **Ted** when to spread Tommy's ashes in 2023, Cris told me that **Tommy** always "*love his friends more than her*". At the time **Tom** was spending his weekend partying and playing music at the Burg. It didn't help that I had secured a *steady line of speed*. This allowed **Tom** to fall asleep at 3am on Mondays mornings and then get to work by 9 AM bright eyed and

bushy tailed, speeding his balls off. All I can say is that there will never be another **Tommy Jay**! In fact I think it was the speed that got him his promotion.



As **June 2008** rolled around I was getting very sick of **Mike Rep** setting up my bass rig at shows and rehearsals. At the time **Rep** had taken to using a magic marker to highlight the bass rig and Marshall amp settings. This really pissed off **Tommy** and I but neither of us said a word to **Rep**. Once **Terry Devin** got out of jail she would get asshole drunk. Terry wouldn't keep her hands off of Tommy and I. Neither of us said a word but **Tim** and **Ted** saw the whole deal go down behind **Mike Rep's** back. Both **Ted** and **Tim** knew she was fucking some of the other boys in town. She wasn't happy. She would spend the night with them and then around 6:AM they would drop her a few blocks away from **Rep's** house. I felt so sorry for both **Terry Devin** and **Mike Rep**. They had been so happy at first but the drinking had destroyed their marriage and all that was left was to go their separate ways. Towards the middle of **June 2008** I went through a crisis of consciousness concerning the reality of **Rom**. The doubts that others had voiced concerning **UFOs** had been weighing heavily upon my mind! I questioned if it was all in mind? But every time I did, "*paranormal events*" push back on my doubts. Events would manifest as "*proof*" that **Rom** was the real deal! Sometime I felt like a pin-pong ball being knocked back and forth. So I focused on the fundamentals and pushed on through. On **June 14th 2008** the Quotas had been booked to play the **Beachland Ballroom** in Cleveland Ohio. By that time there was open warfare between **Terry Devin** and **Rep**. As a result **Rep** forbid **Terry Devin** from coming to the show. Also, **Rep** had gotten piss off at **Charlie Cicirella** who kept begging **Rep** for a ride to and from the show. It was during this show the **Rep** had gotten drunk and left his guitar in the parking lot. When I went out to smoke a joint with **Beth Murphy** and **Jared Phillips** I discovered it and was amazed that nobody had stole it. So I went to **Rep** and gave him his guitar back. He had been so busy socializing he had forgotten all about it! This also happened to **Jared Phillips** of **Times New Viking** once at a Quotas gig. **TNV** had packed up and left the bar. When I discovered his Jared's Strat next to my bass rig I took it home with my gear. I was able to return it to him later. He was a happy boy and thanked me! Also on another occasion **Drew Clausen** of **Mors Ontologica** returned my camcorder I had left on stage so I guess what comes around goes around. Leaving stuff had been a common experience for a lot of Cow-town bands back then.

By **June 16th** a few days after the Cleveland gig **Rep** told me that he was done with **Terry Devin**. I knew the shit storm was about to hit big time and went scrambling for a place to hide! The last thing in my life I wanted was to deal with another court fight! However, shortly after talking to **Rep** I ran into **Terry Devin** at **Tommy Jay's** and she asked me, out of the blue, if I was going to the **Comfest**? **Ron House's** band **Great Plains** was playing so I decided to go. At the Comfest I unexpectedly ran into **Lynn** and a group of her friends. She was sitting on a blanket with **Max Flash** her old boyfriend. It seems like there were two or three of her other old boyfriends there too. This really broke my heart but I put on a happy face and just played it all off! So much for the "*egg spell*" my master had given me. By **June 23th 2008** both Terry Devin and Rep had lawyer-ed up. Soon **Rep** was able to get a "court order" to kick **Terry Devin** out of the home. I guess **Ellen** chose to stay with **Rep** while **Bob Sauls** let **Terry Devin** move in with him till she could find a place to stay. I had been through this stuff before with **Jim** and **Roxanne** and didn't want to have to be caught in the middle again. Poor **Terry Devin** was going downhill fast and so was **Rep** too. It was only a matter of a year before the alcohol would ruin both the lives. By **July 2008** **Terry Devin** was holding on to her OSU job by a thread. Then she hit bottom right in the middle of her request for support from Rep. This was right when OSU fired her and their court fight was heating up. The court fight dragged on into **August** of **2008**. Then some crazy shit happened to me. My next door neighbor knocked on my door with a "*see through*" nightgown. I saw all she had to offer and was very surprised by her seduction. It fucked with my head! I must admit it was a tempting offer but I knew she wanted a relationship and that we were not compatible. So I bowed out and later she started fucking two other guys in town. That didn't turn out so good for her.

That **August** I was asked to work the special election as a monitor. At the time there had been some

seedy bullshit going down with the vote and the powers that be had targeted a certain precinct for monitoring. I spend the whole day there but didn't see anything unlawful. This was a good thing because I really didn't want to go to court and hang out with a bunch of bloodsucking attorneys. The thing about Delaware Ohio at the time was that horse farmers and religion were the main cash crop business. I think that these two group heavily influenced the political culture of the city. On **August 16th 2008** I tried to call Lynn twice, once at home and then on her cell but she didn't respond. I lied to myself that I just wanted to bury the hatchet when in truth I was hurting from my Comfest experience with her. A few days later I tried her cell again but got the voice mail of some guy name "**Mark**" who I assumed must be her new boyfriend. I don't know why but I tried one more time a few days later but got no response. So I struggled to put her once again in the pass. I don't know why I couldn't let her go. I've fired lots of women in my life but she was different. **Lynn** waited two days later then called me. She must have been stewing about me too. When I answered the phone she screamed at me to "*leave me the fuck alone*" and hung up. That hurt even more than the notion of her being with someone else. I was crushed and I wonder why she even respond at all? I thought; "*Maybe I'm just to stressful of a problem from her pass to deal with? Maybe she wants a clean slate with her new boyfriend and I'm just in the way? But when I had tried to reach out to her she blows up me? Then once the dust settles down she feel guilty?*" Then word reached me to "*stop staking*" her. It was about as low as it ever got for the Squid-mister. All I could do was try to move on and refocus. So I sent her a painful "*I'm sorry and I'll leave you alone letter*" It was pathetic attempt on my part to accept her rejection. I thought she must be happy with him. The more I thought about that, the better it made me feel. All I wanted was for her to be happy in life. If she is happy with somebody else then it works for me.

Around **Aug 24th 2008** the federal government bailed out Wall Street. What a joke! Helping crooked rich people steal from the poor for their bad greedy choices! The Bush administration said the these firms were "*too big to fail*". So George Bush gave "*golden parachutes*" too certain investors for their "*crooked book keeping records*". Mortgage-backed securities had been tied to American real estate, as well as a vast web of derivatives linked to those securities. All of these collapsed in value! Boom! Financial institutions worldwide suffered severe damage, reaching a climax with the bankruptcy of **Lehman Brothers** on **September 15, 2008**, and a subsequent international banking crisis. I had been receiving information from spirit that this was coming and took steps to protect myself from the meltdown. I even wrote a song called "*meltdown*" about the crisis. **Dee Baltzly** my friend had invested about 500,000 dollars in the stock market and I had advised her to pull her money out but it was too late. She blew me off then a few weeks later called to say she lost 400,000 due to the crash. I'm not sure if she ever recovered her funds. But it was clear to me that Wall Street had become a gambling casino run by crooks!

On **Sept 5th 2008** **Mike Rep** and **Terry Devin** divorce was in the beginning stages of litigation. This was around the time Ted Lust fell off his horse and broke some ribs. By that time **Tom** was going through a cycle of drinking way too much. He started to complain that his liver was hurting and mentioned he was going to Detox for a while. This was after **Tom & Mike** turned me away from Tom's car where they had been snorting coke. When I knocked on the window in the rain they turn me away. I didn't care. I wasn't into their coke but they may have thought I was. They may have thought I wanted some too. They didn't want to share their small supply! Makes sense. I was mostly a beer and weed guy anyway. If forced into it I would do some coke but it wasn't really my thing. Towards the end of **September Klaus** came in from NYC and we work on some of his poems. He and his girlfriend spent the weekend recording. During their recording session I had been thinking about how to publish **Rom's** footage. I wanted to make public the videos of his craft. Then it dawned on me that I could use my You Tube account. Up to that point I had used my account to publish my music. The problem with both the Music and UFO culture was they both where addicted to making money! I had been approached by researchers who were seeking notoriety from my Contactee story. None of them had any basic knowledge of the Occult history involved. This was in conflict with my mission. They seem to me to be focused on the "*sensationalism*", which they knew would generate a stable income for them from publishing. My job was to avoid the commercialization of my "*music*" and "*contactee account*" while still providing the public with the basic facts of my experiences. I knew that until the public had a complete understanding of the "*etheric realm*" there was no possibility of explaining the interface

between the "solid physical and etheric physical reproductive act".



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Late **September of 2008** I telepathically asked a Blue, Green & Red UFO to turn off their lights for 2 seconds. Nothing happened. So I forgot about and figured it a failed experiment. But on **Oct 25 2008** they replied to my earlier request. This seem to be the pattern in the early day of my ET contact. They were training me to focus on the details very closely. I would make a request and a few days or weeks later they would comply. If not for my logs I would have forgot all about my earlier request and never have seen this pattern. Then on **September 20th 2008** I was approached by **Master Maitreya** at the **Delaware Public Library**. I had about 4 walking cains that I had bought over the years when my post-polio was at it's peak. I was rarely using a cain every once in awhile for balance problems. On this day I was using a cain as I came out of the Library. Actually, I had stop altogether but that day I needed one. When I came into the parking lot a very strange looking "hobo" like man approached me and said; "*Gee, I wished I had a cain*". It felt like he was asking me to give him my cain? I felt very sorry for him and thought about giving my cain to him but then the memes set in. Right as I changed my mind he began to walk away and I felt very guilty. After all I had 3 more cains at home but it was too late. I remember driving around hunting for him. I wanted to give him my cain. But he had vanished. Not long after this experience, on **September 39th 2008**, United States gave the "*crooks of Wall Street a 700 billion dollar bailout for their privet banking system*". At the time the economies of Europe and America were crashing due to illegal business practices. **George Bush** had claimed, in spite of the Theory of Economic Competition, that they were too big to fail! So Wall Street got bailed out with tax payer money. Millions of honest hard work people lost their life savings so as to support a system of Wall Street crooks. I had been warning that this was coming as early as *January 2008* but all my friends were too afraid to listen. They thought: "*This guy is talking about ETs! He is nuts! Why should we listen to him! Everything is ok*"! But when the shit hit the fan they all remain mysteriously silent on the matter of the bailout.

By **October 2008** shit was hitting the fan. Most politicians didn't have a clue. They thought that Wall Street's corrupt greed would save them. I saw the US Dollar melt down and the credit market freeze up. The 401 K Retirement Accounts for millions of Americas lost value or was wiped out so as to prop up Wall Street crooks. **George Bush & Dick Cheney** took to the airwaves to convince the public that the Auto and Airline industries were too big to fail in spite of the core values of American economic theories. **George Bush & Dick Cheney** gave most captains of industry "*gold parachutes*" which allowed them to profit handsomely from their crooked behaviors! This came at the expense of the poor and working class whose bore the brunt of the damage caused by Wall Street. Even **Iceland** had to nationalize it bank system to keep from going broke. Relative to the size of its economy, Iceland's systemic banking collapse was the largest of any country in economic history to fail. The crisis led to a severe economic slump in **2008-2010** and significant political unrest. Against this backdrop the Black Hats of the military industrial complex had been attacking me pretty hard! I had to keep buying 3 or 4 used computers to voice my **UFO Sightings** on public media. Each time vendors would lock me out of programs to increase their cash flows. Also the black hats would force the Blue Screen of Death on my computer. I had very limited cash flow at the time. In order to access social media and voice my UFO reality I would always have to buy another used computer.

By **Mid-October of 2008** I found out that **Rudy Crash n' Burn** was no longer working. I don't know the reason. I just assume he must have quit. **Ellen** was still living with **Mike Rep** at that time. But **Terry** was on the warpath and **Rep** was worried about the restraining order running out. I heard that Terry didn't want Rep to have a relationship with her kid! Word had it that **Ellen** didn't want nothing to do with her mother's wild behavior towards **Rep**. I avoided the mess as best I could. No way was I going to take sides in the dispute. However, it seemed to me that if **Rep** wanted **Terry** out of his life then he would have to let **Ellen** go. It was also around this time that **Rom** told me it was my "*Intentions*" and not any "*Merit*" that got me chosen to be a contactee! WTF? To be honest, I would drive home at 2 AM drunk out of my skull from parting at **Tommy Jay's**. I can not count the times that **Rom** sent "*waves of influence*" that diverted the cops from busting me. This use to mortify Tommy. He would beg me to sleep over but it got awful

cold at nights down by the pool table during the winter. By the end of **October Gregg, Nicole, Levy** and **Wild Bill** started to avoid me. I am not sure why? Maybe somebody was lying to them? But I didn't care! I didn't want their toxic lifestyles anyway. I didn't want the games or them getting into my head and moving stuff around anymore. I had finally learn not to vent to them. So it work for me! Then the election lawyers once again ask to meet with me. So I ended up working the **Nov 2008** election. I didn't see anything out of the ordinary this time around. It appeared that the Delaware Board of election took notice. They didn't want anymore legal issued and everything went smooth.

From **September 2008** through **October 2009 Sue Link** tried to interest me in a relationship. Back in 1986 Sue had hooked up with **Stik Hoffman** during a **Kevyn** and the **Kausalities** gig at **D.J. Prophet's**. Their marriage had lasted 22 years and they own a huge house with a office for their advertising agency on the west side. They had been very happy together up until Stik's "*brain cancer operation*". After the operation which took out a chunk of brain, Stik suffered a "*grand mal seriure*" and was in a coma for 72 hours. It was touch and go for about a week after that. The stress just about finish off **Sue**. After a few months of constant rehabilitation resentment began to build up between them. **Stik's** personality had changed radically. During **Stik's** convalescence **Sue** was trying to nurse **Stik** and run the advertising agency all by herself. This along with tending to house chores started to wear on her. All these major life changes started to strain their marriage. They had stop having sex at that point! So to bring some enjoyment back into their life they started going to this dyke biker bar and hang out and party on weekends. At first things were great! But slowly things started getting dark between them. After getting to know the Dyke Bar owner "*Fran*", **Sue** and **Stik** invited her to move in to their place. **Sue** could really use the help. But little did **Sue** know that **Fran** had started fucking **Stik** on the down low when **Sue** was out of the office or taking care of her sick parents. Then, after awhile, once the counseling sessions had failed, **Stik** stopped going to the shrinks for help. Once that happen **Fran** tried to "*Fuck*" **Sue** behind **Stik's** back! At that point **Sue** kicked **Fran** out of the house. **Sue** was hurt that **Stik** took **Fran's** side in the dispute. Soon a "power struggle" evolved between **Fran** and **Sue** and things got nasty. Later on **Stik** join **Fran's** side and openly worked against **Sue** interests in the dispute.

Fran felt strongly that **Stik** was her man! **Fran** had taken over all **Stik** health care when **Sue** refused. Sue then just focused on health care for her dyeing mother and father who lived in northern Ohio. But legally **Stik** had been married to **Sue**. After **Sue** forced **Fran** out of their home **Stik** kept sneaking to the dyke bar to see **Fran**. In the beginning **Sue** and **Stik** went to counseling to address their the changes in their lifestyle. But it was obvious that the marriage was ending. Then **Stik** stop sneaking and openly hung out with **Fran**. This shocked **Sue**! Sue began to refuse to hang out partying with **Stik** anymore. By that point both **Sue** and **Stik** and **Fran** had lawyers. So **Stik** move in with **Fran** and out of **Sue's** house. When Sue would return from weekends from her folks she discover that she had no safety. **Fran** really loved and wanted to marry **Stik**. This is when a protracted legal battle began over the business and home assets.

One weekend **Fran** and **Stik** raided Sue's house and took a lot of things Stik claimed to own. That hurt **Sue**. She could not accept the fact that **Stik**, due to his brain operation, had chosen **Fran** over her 22 year marriage. In the mean time **Fran** had met this other Dyke at her bar and they quickly became lovers! Soon **Stik** took a shine to her also. He started "fucking" **Fran's** Dyke lover too! They entered into a 3 way relationship. The three of them drove home this point to **Sue** who was taking care of her dying parents. At that point lots of hanky panky going on back in Columbus when Sue was away! But **Sue** was pulling "*hanky panky*" too at her parents home! When **Sue** discovered what was really going on between her husband and the dykes she flipped out! Sue was no longer safe in the house. **Stik** had bought a "*357 Hollow Point Gun*" and had become violent with her. He showed up unannounced and threaten to shoot her on more than one occasion. She was terrified! A lot of antiques got smashed up due to these violent outburst between them. On the phone Sue told me; "*I would wonder each morning if this was the day Stik was going to maim or kill me*"? To be fair, **Sue** told me that she had slapped the shit out of **Stik** on three of these fights. **Stik** bought the gun to show her he didn't like it. She had smashed some of **Stik's** family keepsakes. The gun was his way of fucking with Sue's head. By this point their

nonexistence home life had become toxic. So **Sue's** lawyer push through "*civil protection*" order and forced **Stik** to stay away from the property. When **Sue's** lawyer had successfully kicked them out of the house, an unhappy **Stik** swore revenge! But that was only the beginning! **Sue** must have wanted to put some space between her and **Stik** so as to figure out how she was going to handle the situation. Then **Stik** enlisted the help of a "*drug gang*" who where friends of **Fran**. The gang started to do "*drive by shootings*" at the house. **Sue** would wake up with bullet holes in her house and car at night. So the columbus police department assigned cops to watch the house 24/7 until the divorce was final.

Back in high school, before **Sue** had move to Columbus, she had dated this guy. This was before she met **Stik**. Also, **Sue** had dyke around with some of her high school girlfriends too. But later on she decided she was straight and moved to Columbus. During the time she was taking care of her mother, **Stik** grew bitter about her putting her parents health needs before his. When **Stik** found out that she had "*kissed*" her old boyfriend and had been dating while taking care of her parents he flipped out! I'm not sure if **Sue** fucked around but I would not rule it out. It didn't help that **Fran** and her lover wanted to get rid of **Sue** for good. Both dykes were very happy with **Stik**. They took very good care of him while **Sue** was out of town messing around with her X-boyfriend and nursing her dyeing parents. When **Stik** had found out that **Sue** went to a reunion dance with her "*old boyfriend*" from high school the shit hit the fan! **Sue's** brother always saw her as a "*slut*" who fucked around back in her high school days. It had led to bad blood between Sue and the family until she moved to columbus. That why she was estranged from her family until she married **Stik**. Even after her divorce with **Stik** was final, Sue had betrayed her best friend **Rene**, by kissing the husband behind **Rene's** back. But she told me she never slept with him and I don't think she ever told **Rene** about the kissing. But she did have long sex talks with **Rene's** husband.

Stik never like the flirting side of **Sue** nature. When Sue first started telling me her sad story of pain & woe she left out a lot of important details about her role in their marriage drama. I didn't know Sue at all until **September 2008** when out of the blue she called me to vent about **Stik**. I should have blew her off but I was shocked that she wanted to return a Casio synth I had given **Stik**. On the phone she began to cry. It made me feel sorry for her. That was the first time I ever talked with her. Also, she wanted me to point her in the right direction so she could sell **Stik's** bass, guitars and amps. I felt sorry for her but later when all the truth came out, I saw that she "*used me*" to get back at **Stik**! Her shrink needed to build up her self worth as a women. I was used to accomplish that. The shrink push Sue to date me. I wasn't comfortable with the situation. But she poured on the charm. She poured out her grief to me on the phone. She told me she was very horny and it had been a long time since she had sex. When a women tells a man they want sex most men rush into it. But I held back. Something didn't feel right. Underneath her charm and innocents I sensed a spiteful, clever and determined woman who was relentless about achieving her goals. But hey, pussy will make a blind man buy a color TV set! I should have know better! Then **Stik** and **Fran** tried to pull a fast one on social security. **Fran** claimed that she was **Stik's** legal wife and had his check sent to her instead of **Sue**. When **Sue** found out her lawyer notified social security. **Stik** and **Fran** had got themselves into a fraud case with the federal government. I heard they cut **Stik's** checks completely off for a few years until the debt was paid back. Also **Stik** open a credit card account for the business and when to town buying tons of shit. They may had done this to bankrupt the business. I don't know.

On the other hand, **Sue's** shrink was pushing her towards me as part of her emotional healing process! But **Sue** only told me about the parts that made her look good. She lied to me about her age and sexual history. She tried to make **Stik** out to be a bad person. But **Stik** was missing a big chunk of his brain! He had turned nuts! But I sensed there was much more to their story! So from **September 2008** through **October 2009** I hung out with a very horny **Sue Link Hoffman**. But I passed on her sexual offers. She would have been a very bad fit for me. I knew it. I even tried to hook her up with **Wild Bill** and **Gavin Parrish** once. Both seemed eager but nothing came from it. Sue rejected them. The other problem was she wanted a man with money! Neither me, Bill or Gavin had any money. **Sue Link** never really admitted that to me. But she really wanted a man with money! That wasn't me, Bill or Gavin. However, in **June** of **2009** she did remarried to man

who was 75 years old. He was a very wealthy antiques collector. When she told me of her choice I was pleased for her even though she had used me to motivate him into a marriage proposal. Also, I was happy to get away from all her drama. As for Stik, he somehow survived the fraud case and Fran and her lover moved him to Granville Ohio where he died. I had been close to Stik before I had gotten married to Kathy. Even after my divorce we were still close up until I left for Nashville which he thought was a stupid career choice in music. I never dreamed that Stik would end up like he did with two dykes. He had always been so heterosexual about women.

On **November 27th 2008** *Columbus Discount Records* released my "Jess" EP. The feedback seemed positive from it. The shakers and movers behind all my CDR releases was **Mike Rep** and **Adam Smith**. I really didn't know to much about what was going on until it was released. By **Mid-December** of **2008** I was working on a recording project with **Wild Bill Evans**. At that point Bill only had one kidney left and he was drinking about 12 beers in a 24 hour cycle. Bill had become more & more toxic to be around. It was no longer any fun to hang with him. It seemed to me that the darkness was in control of his head! Then he told me that **Lynn** had "*exploded at him*". The dumb-ass told Lynn we were recording together again. Ka-Boom! Bill said Lynn went nuts screaming at him. It totally knocked Bill out of balance. I am not sure if that ended their friendship or not? But it seems that they stop communicating with one another after that. Also, that night of the **December 27th** the **Quotas** open for the 1st time for **Eric Moore** and the **Godz** at the **Karabar**. Eric was very kind to us and his bass player told me he had just got off tour with **Danzig**. **Danzig** is an American heavy metal band led by former Samhain and **Misfits** singer **Glenn Danzig**. They formed in 1987 in Lodi, New Jersey. He wanted me to use his Ampeg SVT but I knew **Mike Rep** would have a shit fit if I had more power than him. So I made an excuse and bowed out! It was a fun show and all the old Quotas fans showed up to party. **Mike Rep** got wasted and **Tommy** drove him home. Finally toward the end of **December 2008** I recorded a song that I had been working on since 2000. It was based on my real experience under the Golden Gate bridge back in 1993. Somehow I how come across a gay naked beach on my spring break vacation from OSU. It was an eye opener for the squidster! The gays took a lot of enormous pride waving their willies in the wind much to my amazement! So I recorded "*Ding Dong Beach*" and called **2008** a wrap! 2008 had been a hard year. To be honest, I think it was an insane kind of year. But it was no match for what was to come in 2009. I had no idea what the "Starlight Strangers" had planed for the old squidly! The show was about to begin!